



LADIES' VISITER.

"VIRTUE OUR PRESENT PEACE....OUR FUTURE PRIZE."

VOL. 1.]

[No. 4.

Tuesday, August 10, 1819.

FOR THE VISITER.

Grasmere---A Tale.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35.)

Behind were cultivated grounds, and at the extremity rose majestic mountains, with hanging forests and projecting rocks, over which, at all seasons, torrents of water was projected, forming an infinite variety of cataracts, reservoirs, fountains and brooks : on the right lay the garden and pleasure grounds, where art was subservient to nature in the embellishment ; on the left was a beautiful shrubbery with numerous vistas, through which the eye was regaled with the most magnificent views in nature; mountains, rocks and sombre forests. At one point was seen the lake, spotted with a variety of luxuriant islands, at another sheets of water were propelled down the most tremendous precipices, and then collecting into one stream, crept through the adjacent vale in beautiful meanders, and at length was received into the bosom of the capacious lake. The eye was never fatigued with beholding, nor the mind satiated with contemplating the various beauties congregated round this earthly paradise. Every object near this delightful retreat, displayed a combination of neatness and luxuriant refinement, so nicely counterbal-

ancing each other, that it was difficult to determine which prevailed.

As Danville advanced towards the house, his heart beat with strange emotion, and never did he feel so perfectly disconcerted as at the present time; he paused for a moment and determined to take a few turns in the shrubbery to collect and compose his agitated spirits, and prevent the observation which the present state of his feelings was calculated to excite. He had not proceeded far, when his ears were struck with the sounds of music, coming from a part of the grove more closely shaded with shrubs and evergreens than where he stood. He debated with himself whether he should advance. The increasing harmony which was wafted by the breeze towards him determined his wavering; he cautiously ventured along a winding path till he came to the back of a beautiful bower, whose thick foliage was impervious to the rays of the sun, the willow, the rose, the honeysuckle and eglantine were so closely entwined, that they almost seemed to proceed from the same parent stalks. In front was a romantic rock from which issued a stream of pure water, which was received into a capacious basin formed at the bottom, and was then lost among the adjoining shrubs. Danville paused and listened with the most anxious attention to the sounds which flowed forth with such exquisite sweetness and melody, that he almost fancied himself in Cecelia's grot, and he involuntarily uttered an exclamation of rapture, which made the lovely Adelia start and drop her instrument—(for Adelia was the divinity of the place.) In an instant she sprang from her seat, to discover from whence the sound proceeded that alarmed her; the first object that struck her view was Danville, leaning against a tree, lost in extacy of thought, the appearance of Adelia roused him instantaneously from his reverie, when he stammered out an incoherent apology for the rudeness of his intrusion, but assured her it was quite unintentional, and recovering himself a little, added, you must blame yourself in some measure for the irresistible temptation. And, continued he, I cannot but bless the accident that again introduces me to the most amiable and lovely of her sex. The face of the blushing maid was suffused with modest confusion, mingled with an expression which was far from conveying displeasure. She observed that she frequently amused herself with a harp which she had placed in the bower, but this was the first time she had been discovered, as the place was so far removed from the regular path through the shrubbery, as to prevent the sounds from exciting attention. She now begged to conduct him to the house, where her father expected him. Danville bowed assent and presented his arm, which the blushing maid with timidity accepted. They proceeded to the mansion, Danville holding all that his soul held dear this side heaven, and Adelia with that tremor and palpita-

tion which half doubts the reality of what we enjoy. Mr. Eamontdale seeing them advancing, came to the door, and taking Danville by the hand, received him with the most polite and cordial welcome. Danville after expressing the pleasure and happiness he felt at such distinguished kindness, explained how he had stumbled upon the retreat of Miss Eamontdale, and intimated a fear that his sudden and unexpected intrusion had caused considerable alarm to her, but a sweet smile from the lovely object of his care calmed all his apprehensions, and convinced Mr. Eamontdale that Danville was a more welcome visitor to his daughter than he at present wished him to know. After some time spent in conversation respecting the beauty of the country, and the motives that had caused Danville to become a resident of the vale. Mr. Eamontdale proposed a stroll to the vicarage, to introduce him to one of the worthiest families in the country, (as he justly styled that of Mr. Williams,) and to procure their return with them to dine at the mansion. The trio accordingly proceeded and in a short time reached the dwelling of Mr. Williams. Danville, on his introduction, was received by the good vicar and his family with that plain unaffected politeness and cordial warmth of feeling, which at once conveys to the stranger the sincerity of his reception, and places him at ease with himself. This was the case with Danville. After rambling through the grounds of the vicarage, and examining the beauties of every scene from the different points of observation, the whole party returned to Mr. Eamontdale's, where they partook of an elegant repast. The afternoon was spent in the most agreeable manner. Danville entertained them with an account of the passing events in the metropolis, the various revolutions in the fashionable circles, the progress of literature and the fine arts, the recent productions of the muse, and in short, every thing that was either instructing or entertaining. Adelia regaled them with several airs on the harp, which she touched with the most exquisite skill, and accompanied it with her voice with such sweet simplicity and pathos, as to draw the warmest encomiums from Danville—he expressed his admiration with such delicacy and sentiment as rendered it truly grateful to the lovely performer, but his fine animated features expressed infinitely more than language could utter, a proof of that intellectual enjoyment which surpasses the powers of description. The shades of evening approached before they were aware of it Danville rose to take his leave, after a warm invitation from the vicar to spend an early day with him, which he promised to do. Mr. Eamontdale requested him to lay aside the punctilios of fashion in the regulation of his visits; for said he, in our two families we have entirely banished it, and only consult your own feelings and inclination; and added, that if he wished to confer an obligation upon them, he would visit them with little cer-

emony and as often as possible. Danville agreed to the proposition upon condition that they would be equally free and frequent in their rambles to the lodge. The treaty being thus settled, they separated mutually delighted with each other, and as he took the hand of Adelia to bid her adieu for the night, his speaking eye and the gentle pressure of his hand, told her the feelings of his soul, he imagined she half smiled a mutual feeling—both were happy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR THE VISITER.

—“ A charm, a power that sways the breast,
Bids every passion revel or be still;
Inspires with rage, or all our cares dissolves,
Can sooth distraction, and almost despair;
That power is music ! ” — ARMSTRONG.

Like the seven primitive colours, in which the light of the sun is divided, producing to the eye by their combinations and mixture, all the variety of colours exhibited by nature, so sound has its seven primordial tones or notes, which affect the ear, and convey by their connexion and their modifications the sentiments of all the various respondencies, concerts and harmonies displayed in music.

A sense of harmony must naturally have flowed responsively in concert from the innocence, peace and tranquility that originally reigned within the breast of man, in realizing the sublimity, order, beauty and harmony that every where reigned without, in the great works of creation. As an effect of these sentiments, realized by the soul, admiration and wonder must have been exhibited in strains expressive of their feelings.—These sentiments must early have inspired the progenitors of the human race. In strains such as these, their adorations and praises to their Great Creator must have flowed, “when the sons of God sang together for gladness, and the morning stars leaped for joy,”

Like the formation of languages at first, music must have flowed in tones impassionate; indicative of surprise and admiration. It was the simple expressions of natural feelings, without art. But it was not long e're it was pursued in order, and regulated by method. Accordingly, in the east, the cradle of the human family, music, like all the other arts and sciences, was first cultivated with the greatest attention, and held in the highest esteem. The very names of the principal notes in music which the moderns have still preserved, denote the place of their origin. It was not long from the time music first exercised an influence over the mind, that it drew the attention of philosophers and legislators, who found the importance of regulating a power, which so extensively swayed the manners of the people. Hence amongst the ancients, it was interwoven in the principles of their governments. By it they regulated their laws, and to

its notes they set them. It formed a part of their military tactics, and under its influence they marched fearlessly to battle. In rites of their religion, it composed the principal part, and by it they sang the praises of their gods. To music they composed their poetry of every kind, and that poetry unequaled by any thing modern.

From the ancient historians, (observes the comprehensive Montesquieu,) music was said to be necessary to soften the manners of one of the nations of Arcadia, who lived in a cold and gloomy country: and that the inhabitants of Cynete, who slighted it, were the most cruel of all the Greeks—and it was affirmed by one of their greatest philosophers, that there was no possibility of changing the frame of government of a people, without likewise making a change in their music—this was the opinion of all the ancients, an opinion grounded on mature reflection, being one of the principles of their politics. Thus it was they enacted laws, and thus they required that ethics should be governed. Music, says the above elegant author, which influences the mind, by means of the corporeal organs, softens the manners; it is a kind of medium between the bodily exercises that render people hardy and fierce, and the speculative sciences that render them unsociable and sour. It cannot be said that it inspires virtue; but it prevents the effects of a savage institution, and enables the soul to have such a share in education, as it could not have without the assistance of harmony. It excites all the passions, and is able to inspire the soul with a sense of piety, lenity, tenderness and love. It is of all sensible pleasures the least that corrupts the mind.

Music, with all the other fine arts, after the destruction of the western empire of Rome, lay for a long time in obscurity and darkness. But no sooner did learning begin to dawn upon the benighted world, than the fine arts insensibly accompanied its rise and progression, and shed around it a lustre which gradually diffused itself over every nation. It improved with the civilization of mankind, and acquired its refinement in the polished states of society.

At present, music, from the state of perfection to which it has arrived, forms a species of universal language, known to its amateurs of every country. Indeed we may imagine that if ever a universal language is discovered, it will be on principles similar to those of music. All nations, like individuals, have their favorite songs and their national airs—thus, America, Hail Columbia; England, Rule Britania, &c.—and in the language of the poet,

“The intrepid Swiss, that guards a foreign shore,
“Condemn'd to climb his mountain cliffs no more;
“If chance he hear the songs, so sweetly wild,
“Which, on those cliffs, his infant hours beguil'd,
“Melts at the long lost scenes that round him rise,
“And sinks, a martyr to repentant sighs.”

But music often differs in different countries, as much so as their manners and language. The characteristic qualities of a people may be discovered through the medium of their music; thus amongst the uncivilized Indians, in tones piercing wild, terrific; like their manners, savage; like their appearance, hideous. The Italians, who excel in music over most other nations, soft, gentle and harmonious—their very language musical; in like manner, their manners soft and effeminate, inclining to languor, indolence and ease. Without force in their character, without enterprize in their actions.

The Germans, lofty and grand, soaring almost to rhapsody, sweeping away the feelings into enthusiasm or extacy, like their language, strong, guttural and bold, adapted to convey forcible expressions from nervous feelings. Like their manners, at times taciturn (as these solemn musical stops or pauses, which often have greater effect than sound,) and at others hurried along in rapture of expression, or slowly, like their actions, by stedfast exertion to overcome every obstacle.

The French, fickle and capricious, with but little stability in their character. Their music as volatile as their manners. In one moment they veer from one extreme to its opposite; they will begin with the solemn tones of a dead march, and end in the sprightly or lively sounds of a dancing tune. In a word, if you can bring your feelings to accord with most of their compositions in music, you must cry, laugh, dance and pray before one of them is ended.

But what can be said of the music of the Americans; this, like their national character, remains to be established. A country yet young, but extremely extensive, composed of all nations, kindreds and tongues, still adhering to their former customs and manners. It is yet like a mirror without a backing, that takes in all objects but reflects none.

Although every person is not alike gifted with what is commonly called an ear or taste for music, yet there are few or none who would not feel the difference between the bold and grand strains of a martial air, and the soft or plaintive melody of a love song, or one composed on the scale of pity. A fine composition in music, and well performed, will afford a pleasure and satisfaction to every person, even to those not the least acquainted with it or its principles. This would seem to indicate that taste is a natural, and not as it has often been asserted, an arbitrary principle, i. e. it is an original sense of the mind to relish and appreciate whatever is in itself truly beautiful, great and just, without the effect of prejudice or habit, and not only the result of habit or prejudice alone.

[BY OUR LETTER BOX.]

MR. EDITOR,

The Visiter being a paper wherein our sex can, with propriety, declare their thoughts, make known their wrongs, and assert their small privileges and rights, I am obliged to state mine through that medium, from some important considerations. As I am descended from parents of respectability and wealth, and have now arrived to an age little more than twenty, when the tender passion has lost some of its more romantic properties, which are generally attached to it at an earlier period; and as there is a prospect of my fortune being splendid, and my face and person, which I am led to believe from some of my suitors, as being extremely beautiful, (whether this be flattery or reality, I know not,) but upon the whole, without any vanity, they might be said to be much more handsome than otherwise; as this is the case, I am addressed by many gentlemen of respectability, as you may reasonably suppose, and would no doubt be addressed by many more, if timidity did not deter them, which, indeed, neither my disposition nor deportment can in the least induce. The age to which I have arrived, will evince that prudence generally directs the choice of the partner for life; for, of the many vicissitudes in life, there is none perhaps, that requires so much reflection as that of matrimony; and these considerations ought generally to mingle with the sentiment of love which should not entirely blindfold the reason. Whatever choice I make, I shall endeavor to divest myself of all prejudices and attachments, and consider the character of the object abstractedly.

A suitor should not, I think, be so ungenerous as to be offended upon a rejection; it is illiberal and arbitrary to suppose, that a lady should give up the only privilege she has; that of denying the suit of a person she could not esteem as a husband. Amongst my suitors, some press their addresses with that self importance and that assurance, as though they supposed it would be impossible for them to be rejected. Others are of an opposite cast, whose modesty deters them from advancing one step in their suit, and whose fearfulness retains them in an awkward situation. It is diverting indeed to observe how much a smile or a frown keeps them in hope or despair. Some build their hopes upon parental favor, and others upon their own personal beauty and exterior graces. But to undeceive them, I am resolved to choose for myself, as it is one of my own just rights which I am unwilling to give up even to parental authority.

CASANDRA.

[FOR THE VISITER.]

MR. EDITOR,

You having made a general call upon the ladies, to contribute to 'ards furnishing matter for the Visiter, induces me for the first

time to make the attempt, to which I have been in some measure prompted by perusing an article (perhaps selected) in the second number of the Visiter, touching upon female coquetry, which is particularly marked with acrimony and illiberality of sentiment; I think it the duty of our sex to endeavor to place the subject in a fairer point of view. After a consideration of the sentiments of the writer, I concluded it must have been some disappointed *old bachelor*, who, after having spent the prime of life in coqueting with our sex, finds he is no longer entitled to notice from them, which has induced him to give vent to his spleen by writing the piece in question. I will not deny but that there may be some few amongst us, who indulge too much in this foible; but considered as an act of self defence, I think it not only fair, but allowable. Is it not shameful, Mr. Editor, that man, "the lord of the creation, the express image of his Maker; so noble in reason! so infinite in faculty, in form and motion so express and admirable! in action so like an angel! in apprehension so like a God!" That man, thus formed, thus characterized, is employed in creating false hopes and impressions in the minds of amiable and worthy females. Man, who was intended as the companion, the protector and comforter of our sex, is frequently their deceiver, and a disgrace to his own.

It is not such an uncommon circumstance as at first view might be imagined, to meet with a male coquette. Every candid mind, upon reflection, will find that they are numerous, and that their whole study appears to be an uniform course of deception. They assume a character to which their hearts are strangers, and endeavor by a variety of delicate and flattering attentions to us, to create an interest in their behalf, which they are perfectly indifferent respecting, farther than it may contribute to their amusement, thereby trifling with the happiness of many, who otherwise might have been united to men worthy of them, and ornaments to their sex; but by being thus deceived and disappointed, their tempers and dispositions become morose, and they ultimately sink, perhaps, into a state of misanthropy; then during the remainder of their lives, rail against the whole of the other sex, as cruel, unfeeling wretches, possessing the exterior of men, but internally degraded.

What then shall we say of such characters, Mr. Editor—men who possibly possess pleasing manners, an artful insinuating address, and of respectable families and connexions, consequently possessing every facility of becoming acquainted with the most amiable and respectable females; instead of being the guides of their youth and inexperience, and the protectors of their innocence, take advantage of those circumstances, and use every exertion to create a partiality, which, by the most persevering assiduity, they will increase to a pure and tender attachment, and then with the most cruel indifference, and sting

neglect, leave the unhappy victims of their deception, a prey to unmerited suffering, while they enjoy a fiend like triumph, and pursue a new object. This, I think, will excuse coquetry in our sex. Let gentlemen in their intercourse with ladies, learn to distinguish between that true politeness and attention, which is due from them; and that pointed assiduity which is only calculated to deceive, and I am certain they will have no reason to complain either of coquetry or neglect; this is noble, manly and virtuous; the other, base, mean and wicked.

C.

SELECTED FOR THE VISITER.

The Wife.

The treasures of the deep are not so precious
 As are the concealed comforts of a man
 Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
 Of blessings, when I come but near the house.
 What a delicious breath marriage sends forth....
 The violet bed's not sweeter!

MIDDLETON.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force, to be the comforter and supporter of her husband, under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.

As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage around the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependant and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he, with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children—if you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you." And, indeed, I have observed that married men falling into misfortune, are more apt to retrieve their situation in the world than single men; partly because they are more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings

who depend upon them for subsistence; but chiefly because their spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and their self respect kept alive by finding, that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love, of which they are monarchs. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

FROM THE VILLAGE RECORD.

Philadelphia, June 4, 1819.

MR. HARWOOD,

I am a maiden of five and twenty. I was brought up with the greatest delicacy imaginable. My father was at one time largely in business, but being led into unprofitable speculations, died two years ago insolvent. I am now left, the third of five daughters, one only of whom, is married, to take care of myself in the world without a single qualification to do so. Music, dancing, and fine needle work I know enough of to appear accomplished, but without being able to become an instructor in either branch. I am ignorant of the most common duties about the house; and must own to you I never boiled a potatoe or baked a loaf of bread in my whole life. There is no honorable employment but what I would cheerfully perform rather than live dependant; and I do yet intend to set about learning the duty of a good house wife.

But the purpose of this letter, sir, is to request you to appropriate one number in giving this advice to parents, however rich, and whatever may be their prospects of wealth—to bring up their daughters with such accomplishments as would make them shine in the parlour; but at the same time to cause them to be instructed in every branch of knowledge that would be useful, should fortune in its various vicissitudes, reduce them to depend upon their own exertions for support.

With perfect esteem, I have the honor to be yours, &c.

Arabella Townly.

Village Courtship.

At a village, not one hundred miles from —, I overheard the following conversation :—

I would give my heart, said a well-looking young man to a beautiful girl, who sat beside him—I would give my heart, Susan, for one kindly kiss of those bewitching lips of thine, were it not that I have no heart to give; it has been gone from me a long while. And pray, said Susan, with an arch, expressive look, where hath that roving heart of thine so long concealed itself? You little enchanting rogue, said he, with an emphatic look, which met her consenting eye, and you pretend not to know

where it has been ! Then clasping her in his arms, he imprinted upon her lips a warm ecstatic kiss expressive of the softest rapture. After she had a little recovered herself, with a sweeter blush suffusing her cheek than ever Aurora yet displayed—Well, Robin, said she, I also would give my heart to have back that kiss again, were it in my power to give; but alas ! it is gone and I fear will never more be in my power. And when did this little wanderer take flight ? said he; and where hath it taken up its abode since it left thee ? It made its escape, the moment that I knew I had got possession of yours; for no sooner did I feel it warm within my breast, than it filled it so entirely, that I could find no place for any thing else; so off it flew directly, and here it took refuge, (putting her hand upon his breast :) feel how the little flutterer frisks about in its new abode. It is a kind little heart, Robin, said she, concealing her face upon his bosom, and will prove ever true to you. Blessings upon thee, my lovely Susan, said he, pressing her tenderly in his arms, and gently leaning his cheek upon her's, the rapturous tears flowing copiously down, for now you have made me the happiest of mankind.

Blessings upon you both, said I, retiring; and blessings upon thee, Mr. Editor; and blessings upon all mankind.—My heart is full; for is there any pleasure we feel equal to that of participating in the bliss which is the reward of innocence and virtue ?

Description of a Rainbow.

Behold a bow of no hostile intention ! a bow painted in variegated colours on the disburdened cloud. How vast is the extent, how delicate the texture of that showery arch ! it compasseth the heavens with a glorious circle, and teaches us to forget the horrors of the storm. Elegant its form, and rich its texture; but more delightful its sacred signiancy. While the violet and the rose blush in its beautiful aspect, the olive-branch smiles in its gracious import. It writes, in radiant dyes, what the angels sung in harmonious strains; “peace on earth, good will towards men.” It is the stamp of insurance, for the continuance of seedtime and harvest; for the preservation and security of the visible world.—HERVEY.

The eighty-fourth village sermon explains the cause which produced Paul's epistle to Philemon, in the following words :

This is a short epistle written by the apostle Paul, to his christian friend Philemon, who resided at Colosse; it was written in behalf of Onesimus, who had been a slave, belonging to Philemon. It appears that Onesimus had robbed his master, and then ran away from him to escape justice; he rambled to Rome, where the apostle Paul was then a prisoner, and by some means or other, he went to hear him preach, probably in his own hired

house : here he was converted to God, and became a new man; the apostle became acquainted with him, and Onesimus was much attached to him. The apostle felt himself interested in his welfare; he found him very useful to him as a servant; but as he belonged to another, he would not retain him without his consent, but sent him back to his master whom he had wronged; and, in order to secure a favorable reception, sent with him this letter, which competent judges consider as a perfect example of good letter-writing; as containing the most lively sentiments both of humanity and generosity; and discovering inimitable dexterity and address, insomuch that it is preferred to a letter of a similar kind, written by the learned Pliny, who was so famous for epistolary writing. A letter from such a man as the holy and venerable apostle Paul, whose heart was so full of christian piety, may be expected, though written on a temporal affair, to contain evangelical sentiments of the most useful kind; and accordingly we find in it much matter of the most edifying nature.

Extracts,

From letters Nos. 5 and 6, written by Mrs. Chapone to her niece; the one treating on the regulation of the heart and affections; the other, on the government of the temper.

Remember that the end of true friendship is the good of its object, and the cultivation of virtue, in two hearts emulous of each other, and desirous to perpetuate their society beyond the grave. Nothing can be more contrary to this end than that mutual intercourse of flattery, which some call friendship. A real friend will venture to displease me, rather than indulge my faulty inclinations, or increase my natural frailties; she will endeavor to make me acquainted with myself, and will put me upon guarding the weak parts of my character.

Friendship, in the highest sense of the word, can only subsist between persons of strict integrity, and true generosity. Before you fancy yourself possessed of such a treasure, you should examine the value of your own heart, and see how well it is qualified for so sacred a connexion: and then, a harder task remains —to find out whether the object of your affection is also endued with the same virtuous disposition. Youth and inexperience are ill able to penetrate into characters: the least appearance of good attracts their admiration, and they immediately suppose they have found the object they pursued.

It is observed, that every temper is inclined, in some degree, either to passion, peevishness or obstinacy. Many are so unfortunate as to be inclined to each of the three in turn; it is necessary therefore to watch the bent of our nature, and to apply the remedies proper for the infirmity to which we are most liable. With regard to the first, it is so injurious to society, and so

odious in itself, especially in the female character, that one would think shame alone would be sufficient to preserve a young woman from giving way to it; for it is as unbecoming her character to be betrayed into ill behaviour by *passion*, as by *intoxication*, and she ought to be ashamed of the one as much as of the other. Gentleness, meekness, and patience, are her peculiar distinctions, and an enraged woman is one of the most disgusting sights in nature.

Historical Memorandum.

Lady Jane Grey,

The amiable victim of envy and ambition, was endowed with a solidity of understanding, and quickness of perception, scarcely to be equalled either in ancient or modern history; yet whilst her mind was deeply engaged in researches after theological and metaphysical knowledge, her attention was peculiarly directed towards the acquiring those graces so essential to the adorning a female character:—to a beautiful face, and lovely form, was united a sweetness that captivated, and an elegance that charmed; and she was so perfectly mistress of the rules of politeness, that she never deviated from them by any accident. To her superiors she was respectful; to her equals courteous; and to her inferiors mildly gentle, and sweetly condescending; in short, she was one of those characters that are held up to posterity, to prove the existence of *virtue*, and the possibility of *perfection*.

A Scrap.

Women may be vain of their persons; proud of their accomplishments, and conceited of their wit, and no censure will be passed upon them; but when their behaviour is divested of that restraint, which characterizes modesty—the fairest ornament of the sex—that which all men most admire—it must give rise to opinions which operate to their prejudice.

A boy of seven years of age, in the town of Weser, in Germany, playing one day with his sister of four years old, was alarmed by the cry of some men who were in pursuit of a mad dog. The child suddenly looked around him, saw the dog running towards him; but instead of making his escape, he took off his coat and wrapped it round his arm, he boldly faced the dog, and holding out the arm covered with the coat, the animal attacked it, and worried the coat till the men came up, who being armed with clubs killed the dog. The men reproachfully asked the boy why he did not run and avoid the dog, which he could so easily have done. Yes, said the little hero, I could have run from the dog; but, if I had, he would have attacked my sister. To protect her, therefore, I thought of offering him my coat, which he might tear

at till you should come up and kill him. The men, as well they might, first admired his courage in facing the dog; but they were the more astonished at the prudence and firmness of mind discovered by this phenomenon. The conduct of this wonderful child furnishes a useful hint to persons of more mature age, in protecting themselves from the attacks of a mad dog.

From the Rev. Mr. Bennett's Strictures on Female Education.

Why indeed had woman her existence, but to dignify and ennable it by such superior employments. When does she appear to so much advantage, as when surrounded in her nursery by a train of prattlers, she is holding forth the moral page for the instruction of one, and pouring out the milk of health to invigorate the frame and constitution of another? When is her snowy bosom half so serene, or when thrills it with such an innocent and pleasing rapture, as in the silent moments of domestic attention, or those attitudes of undissembled love? What painter, wandering with a creative fancy over the all exhaustless riches of nature, can give us so enchanting and delightful a picture in so elegant a frame? What pleasure of the levee, the drawing-room, or masquerade, can vie in flavor with these more retired, maternal satisfactions? And when can woman ever be said to consult the real dignity and happiness of her sex, but when she is thus conscientiously discharging her duty to the man to whom she has plighted, at the altar of God, her vows and affections.

Advice to Young Ladies.

SELECTED.

Adulation is pleasing to most people, particularly to youth.—Believe not that a gentleman is enamoured of you, because he uses a few tender expressions; but remember, the same compliments he bestows on you, the next moment he will lavish on another.

Affectation is disgusting; it will expose you to ridicule: avoid it, for it discovers want of sense.

You cannot esteem virtue too highly, but suffer not yourselves to be charged with prudery; it will cause your virtue to be suspected.

Remember, beauty is no sign of merit, and pride will render you disagreeable.

Vice appears more disgusting in a woman than in a man. The superior whiteness of her character, when compared with the other sex, discovers every spot which it receives. Vice, fastening on a woman, appears in all its malignity. We view it as a “hog in a flower garden.” We behold with keen regret the prostration of whatever is lovely, delicate or beautiful in the human soul.



P O E T R Y.

[FOR THE VISITER.]

MR. EDITOR,

In one of my evening excursions last week, along the sequestered windings of the — creek, I discovered, at some distance, under a spreading willow, a venerable looking man in the attitude of deep reflection. He seemed advanced a little beyond the meridian of life; though still possessing a considerable degree of vivacity. Whilst I remained a few minutes a silent observer, the pensive stranger arose, and throwing down something like a paper, slowly departed. On repairing to the spot, I found written with a lead pencil, on a fractured leaf of paper, the following lines; and as I hope it will be no offence to the fair sex, you will please to insert them in the "Visiter." From the above circumstance it may be entitled

A Bachelor's Soliloquy.

Heighho ! the evening's sweet, yet still, alas,
How slowly seem the tardy hours to pass;
I've none to mingle in sweet conversation;
My whole resource is pensive contemplation.
Beneath this drooping tree, alone I lie,
To hear the passing current murmuring by.
Sure man was never made to live alone,
Since woman first was form'd bone of his bone—
Yet fate's decree, alas ! I've cause to dread,
Has left but number one to grace my bed ;
But stop—methinks I hear kind hope suggest,
Some loving female yet may make me blest,
By kindly granting her soft hand and heart
In hymen's silken bands, never to part.
No harsh expression shall engender strife,
But social converse sweeten all our life.
Our pratt'ling babes perhaps we may be rearing,
Which renders each to each, still more endearing :
Sure one possessing such a precious treasure,
Though here on earth, may have a heav'n of pleasure.—
Alack ! fond fancy, curb thy airy flight,

Nor dare aspire to such sublime delight.
 My youthful days have long since fled away,
 And time has chang'd my auburn locks to gray;
 Time, from my eyes, has stole their sparkling look,
 And from my mouth, some ivory pearls took :—
 My youthful vigor's gone, it is confess,
 And females whisper round "he's past his best;"
 Then why should fancy on delusion feed ?
 Connubial sweets for me were ne'er decreed.
 From haunts of men, I with regret depart,
 Yet wish the ladies well with all my heart.
 Now dusk of eve comes on, so farewell willow,
 I'll seek for rest upon my lonely pillow.

August, 1819.

The Charms of Nature.

The cheek enros'd with crimson die,
 The blush of maiden hue,
 The spark that wantons in the eye,
 And lips of pearly dew :

To man these native charms appear,
 More elegant than art ;
 The painted flush, the snareful leer,
 Ne'er penetrate the heart.

What boots the bloom the pencil lays,
 Each morn upon the face ;
 Can that which, ere the eve, decays,
 Be justly deem'd a grace ?

The nymph who trusts to nature's aid,
 Comes nearest to her end ;
 For nature ne'er a face had made,
 For human skill to mend.

 The non-appearance of the present number of the Visiter, within the stated time, we trust will be excused by our subscribers, when we assure them that the delay was occasioned by circumstances unforeseen. It is anticipated that we shall be able to make amends for the present delay, by publishing the next number in due time.

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